

ARE YOU NERVOUS?

Constant worry, and work, in shop and kitchen, office or parlor, destroy nerve force. Excess in any direction surely ends in sleeplessness, forgetfulness, morbid fears and other symptoms of

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Every part of our bodies is filled with nerves, and the wear and tear of the nervous system results in diseases, heart troubles, deranged digestion, neuralgia and kidney disease. Strengthen the nerves, and at once the sufferer is

A NEW MAN.

Ask your doctor if Celery is good for nervous diseases and he says, Yes. Ask him if Celery is good, and he says, Yes. But he never thought of combining them. Celery and Coca are

The Best Nerve Tonics
And their special sedative, strengthening and stimulative powers are fully obtained in



This medicine is invaluable in the treatment of all nervous disorders. When the brain is exhausted a little of this wonderful nerve tonic will give it tone and elasticity. With the Celery and Coca are combined the best blood purifiers and kidney and liver regulators. It surely

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys. Recommended by professional and business men. (Send for book.)
PRICE \$1.00. Sold by druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's,
BURLINGTON, VT.

Give Them a Chance!
That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the very ends of the tubes, are as delicate as the finest lace. When these are clogged and choked with mucus, you cannot breathe. Your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well. Cough, cold, croup, whooping cough, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is but one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Hodgkinson's Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon

Cure for Piles.
Itching Piles are known by moisture-like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable moisture after getting warm. This form, as well as blind, bleeding and protruding piles, yield at once to the application of Dr. Hodgkinson's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the part affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. See circular. Sold by S. J. Hodgkinson & Co., Reno, Nev. 75c per bottle.

Hodgkinson's Arnica Balm.
The best balm in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hodgkinson & Co., 75c per box.

An Absolute Cure.
The Original Abolition Ointment is only put in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the Original Abolition Ointment. Sold by Osburn & Shoemaker at 25 cents per box, by mail 30 cents.

Cure for Sick Headache.
Go to S. J. Hodgkinson, the druggist, and get a free sample of Dr. Gunn's Liver Pills, will cure sick headache, constipation, biliousness, yellow complexion or pimples on the face. Only one for a dose. Twenty-five cents a box.

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle. 75c per box.

RUSSIA SALVE
FOR SORES AND CUTS
INSECT BITES RASH
SCALDS, BURNS
Great English Remedy.

MURRAY'S SPECIFIC.
A guaranteed cure for all nervous diseases, such as WEAK MEMORY, LOSS OF BRAIN POWER, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, PAIN IN THE BACK, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, WAKELINESS, LEUCORRHOEA, UNRESTED SLEEP, LASSITUDE, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, IMPOTENCY and General Loss of Power of the Generative Organs in either sex, caused by indolence or over-exertion, and which ultimately lead to PREMATURE OLD AGE, INSAFETY AND CONSUMPTION.
(Trade Mark.)
One dollar a box, or six boxes for \$5. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Full particulars in pamphlet, sent free to every applicant.
We Guarantee Six Boxes
To cure any case. For every \$5 order received we send six boxes with a written guarantee to refund the money if our Specific does not effect a cure.
Address all communications to the Sole Manufacturers,
THE MURRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Kansas City, Mo.
Sold in Reno by OSBURN & SHOEMAKER, Agents. 75c per box.

RUPTURE AND PILES.
We positively cure all kinds of Rupture and Piles, no matter how long standing, in from 20 to 30 days, without the use of knife, drawing blood, or detention from business. Terms, \$5 Cure No Pay, and No Pay Until Cured. If afflicted, come and see us or send for pamphlet. Address, **Dr. Porterfield & Lacey, 539 Market St., S. F.** 75c per box.

FINE JOB PRINTING
VERY CHEAP AT
THE GAZETTE OFFICE

THANKSGIVING.

In the Days of Auld Lang Syne.

In one of the old volumes of The Spectator the French are said to speak of the "gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves."

Not so did the children think of this much maligned month in the early days of our American Independence! That day was one of glorious ride in the woods, which were still carpeted with rich-tinted autumn leaves, and of merry nutting excursions, for nuts were always associated with the thoughts of Thanksgiving!

Long before the holidays the parents began a series of grave consultations about their guests and the table.
"Now, boys," the father would say, "it's time that the old king gobbler was separated from those to be kept over. Take good care of him. Give him warm Indian mush for breakfast these cold mornings, with a little red pepper in it. Give him all the corn he can eat. Perhaps Max will give you some refuse rice, which you can boil for him. We must have the old fellow fat for Thanksgiving, you know."

"Oh, Thanksgiving is coming! Thanksgiving is coming! Goodly! goodly!" shout the little ones, clapping their hands and dancing about in high glee.
"Ma!" quies the confusion by gently saying.

"Why, Pa! don't you think we should have two of the largest turkeys fattened? Grandpa and grandma and uncle and aunt, with perhaps some of their young folks, are coming, you know. Do you think one will be enough?"
"Well, I guess ma is 'bout right. Shut up the next best, boys. How many chickens and ducks will you want? May as well shut up now all that you need with those fattening for market."

POULTRY AND BARTER.

As the day drew near a division of labor was talked over, and the work for each person, and the time to be devoted to it, decided upon. School duties must not be neglected, but work for so great an event as a New England Thanksgiving Dinner, could find spare hours, at early morning, and in the long winter evenings, without infringing on the lesson for the next day.

The hogs, poultry and eggs—not needed in the family—and choice fruit and vegetables, found ready sales, in Providence or Boston, forty or fifty miles distant. These must furnish the luxuries for that great day, as also for groceries for the winter. So the hogs were killed and left to cool one night and day; the boys "took turns" in picking geese, ducks, turkeys and chickens, sometimes working all night—in an farmhouse with a good fire under the "kettle-ut," which latter was filled with water, kept at boiling heat, for the occasion.

On the evening before market-day, the hogs, poultry, eggs and other produce were packed in a huge baggage-wagon. After a substantial supper, the father started on his all-night's journey—not always a safe one in those untraveled days—and if he was not hindered, he reached the city market by daybreak. Such produce always commanded a ready sale, and no time was lost in making the needed purchases, so that he could begin his return journey early in the afternoon. By midnight he reached home and was warmly received by the waiting family.

PREPARING FOR THE DINNER.

The preliminary work for the festival must now begin. The "hired-man" has all the poultry killed, and he is ready to join the boys in picking and dressing it. The school closes for a week, while the Ma prepares the meat and suet for mince-pies, some of the children help to chop it, while others pare the apples, pound or grind the spices—no spices ready ground could be bought then—stone the raisins, wash and dry the currants. Then wood must be brought in and piled near the two large brick ovens, for the wonderful baking of the next day, when the daughters take charge of one oven, and Ma the other; in both of which mince-pies are to be baked. The two brick ovens were promptly heated, and when the coals were cleaned out, were filled with pies, and as fast as they were done the ovens were re-heated and filled time and time again, till a broad shelf in the cold "cheese-room," covered with white paper, was loaded with mince-pies. These pies had no delicate and "dainty" crusts.

The pumpkins—great, rich, sweet pumpkins—are now to be pared, stewed and sliced; spices in unlimited quantities to be pounded or ground; apples are to be pared; eggs to be beaten; coffee to be roasted; the wood for constantly renewing the heat in the ovens to be kept close by; all being ever mindful to save the mother from any additional labor for what so many willing helpers, "hired help" would have spoiled half the pleasure.

Great pans of bread put to rise, while pies and plum-puddings are baked. The large wooden bread-trough—filled with the rest, old-fashioned brown dough—and the Indian suet-pudding, dark with huckleberries, stand by, waiting for the brick oven, which will be re-heated and receive them in the afternoon, holding them all night, and until they are taken out rich and hot—for Thanksgiving Dinner. Who could have had Thanksgiving Dinner then without the time-honored brown-bread and suet pudding?

The day draws at last. The nuts are to be cracked by those not otherwise engaged, and the chestnuts placed ready to be boiled while dishing the dinner.

THE DINNER AND DISHER.

Before the mistress was placed a huge chicken pie, ornamented with leaves and flowers, made of the lightest pastry. On either side of the table were great platters of roasted duck, chicken and goose, with the appropriate gravies—gravy delicious brown. Beets, carrots and turnips—like a pyramid, in alternate layers of different colors, were placed on one side, and a match dish of ruby cranberry sauce on the opposite side.

Crooked-neck squash, cooked and prepared "just right," pickles, apple-butter, with plates of the rich-colored, hot brown bread and the whitest and sweetest of wheat bread, and plates of golden butter, filled up every available space of that long table.

What a loaded table! And how tempting was everything—made more so by the happy faces of all ages that surrounded it. The board was partaken of leisurely. The aged grandparents entertained the young folks with many reminiscences of what they then called "the old times," when Thanksgiving dinners were prepared, but when they partook of food often scant and hastily eaten, with loaded guns close by.

Without haste or confusion, the meats and vegetables were removed. The plum and Indian puddings were set before the host—before the mistress. Afterwards came pies of every variety—mince, pumpkin, apple, custard and cranberry, with plates of house-made cheese. These bounties distributed, next came tea and coffee, the latter a luxury not in daily use, but only on state occasions. Sometimes dry coffee was substituted. Apples, pears, walnuts and chestnuts were now placed within reach of all.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and economy. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of lowest, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

RICHARD HERZ
Practical Watchmaker
Over 15,000 Watches Repaired in Nevada.
All Styles of
-ENGRAVING-
By an Experienced Workman.

MY, HOW CHEAP!

The above set represents a suit made of Pine Wood, finished in imitation walnut or light color. Size of Bureau Glass, 18x30; seven pieces for \$18. Best and cheapest suit ever made. Before ordering, furniture of any kind write for our photographs and prices. Our trade has demanded that we carry the finest line of

Bedroom and Parlor Furniture,
And to-day we are selling to San Francisco, Oakland and other parts of the State. The San Francisco merchants, whose expenses are enormous, high, cannot compete with us. Our continuous increase of patronage is the best assurance that our efforts to please by careful attention, bottom prices and the carrying of a large and well-assorted stock, have been appreciated by our many patrons. Remember, our store covers more ground than any other furniture store in the State, and we have a stock including furniture of the very cheapest to very finest.
Don't forget to send for photographs of articles you desire, and also the price list. It costs nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN BREUNER.
604 606, 608, 610 and 612 K Street, and 1109 to 1115 6th, Sacramento.
Address all letters
JOHN BREUNER, Sacramento, Cal

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as a superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M.D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CHARTER COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

SANTA ABIE
THE KING OF CONSUMPTION
CURES ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, CHEST, AND LUNGS. Sold on GUARANTEE.
Send for circular, \$1 per bottle, 3 for \$2.
LABETINE MED. CO. ORVILLE, CAL.
For Sale by Osburn & Shoemaker, Wholesale and Retail.

PROFESSIONAL.

CLARKE & JONES,
Attorneys-at-Law.
RENO OFFICE IN THE FOWNING
Building, Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada.
Will practice in all the Courts.

S. D. KING,
Attorney-at-Law,
South Virginia Street, Between 1st and 2d,
RENO, NEVADA.

WM. WEBSTER,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE IN FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Up Stairs, Reno, Nevada.

W. M. BOARDMAN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in National Bank Building
appt

JNO. A. LEWIS, M. D.,
RENO, NEVADA.

A. DAWSON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE AT RESIDENCE, WEST STREET
between Second and Commercial Row.

M. A. GREENLAW,
DENTIST.
PARLORS IN FOWNING BUILDING,
Virginia Street. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for painless extraction of teeth. All work skillfully performed and satisfaction guaranteed.
OFFICE HOURS: From 9 A. M. until 5 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M.

OUR PREMIUMS
FOR 1889.

THE WEEKLY
Gazette and Stockman
WITH THE
San Francisco Weekly Call

AT THE LOW PRICE OF
\$2.50 Per Year

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

THE "SAN FRANCISCO WEEKLY CALL" is a handsome eight-page paper. It is issued every Thursday, and contains all of the important news of the week, gleaned from every quarter of the globe, complete up to date of publication. It contains an interesting special correspondence from all of the principal cities of the world and a vast amount of the best selected and original general literature. It furnishes the latest and most reliable financial news and market quotations, and gives special attention to horticultural and agricultural news, and is in every respect a first-class family paper, appealing to the interest of every member of the household. Every subscriber to the Weekly Call gets a

HANDSOME NEW MAP
Of California and Nevada,
Beautifully printed in colors, showing every railroad, postoffice and town in the State, with tables of population, etc.

Delinquent Notice.

RENO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, Nevada; location of works, Washoe County, Nevada. Notice.—There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of Assessment No. 4, levied on the 10th day of October, 1888, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

NAME.	No. Cert.	No. Shs.	AMT.
Lake, W. H.	100	100	\$15.00
Lake, W. H.	100	100	15.00
Peck, S. W.	145	500	25.00
Peck, S. W.	100	500	75.00
Holt, F. S.	100	500	3.00
Holt, F. S.	100	500	1,000.00
White, F. H.	100	7,500	1,100.00
Taylor, S. H.	100	100	15.00
Taylor, S. H.	100	500	15.00
Folsom, L. D.	100	500	30.00
Folsom, L. D.	100	500	135.00
Taylor, Mrs. S. H.	100	500	135.00
Rube, H.	100	1,000	150.00
Rube, H.	100	1,000	150.00

And in accordance with the law and an order of the Board of Trustees made on the 10th day of October, 1888, so many shares of each parcel of said stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction by the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 10, over First National Bank, Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada, on the 10th day of December, 1888, at one o'clock P. M. of that day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Secretary.
RENO, Nov. 12, 1888.

FURNITURE.

Reno Furniture Store,
VIRGINIA STREET.
E. C. SESSIONS, Proprietor.

NEW INVOICES OF BEDROOM SETS.
Chairs, Tables and all kinds of general furniture received daily by the undersigned. Also all kinds of Mattresses made and repaired. **JOSEPH A. ZIEGLER.**
The joy of every housekeeper, for sale at \$7 at the corner of First and Virginia streets, near the bridge.

Ziegler's Furniture Store,
RENO, NEVADA.
Corner Commercial Row and Sierra.
None but New Furniture Handled.
Upholstering and Repairing a Specialty. Furniture of Every Description Kept in Stock.

AGENT FOR THE IMPROVED
A Household Treasure Kitchen Table. Examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.
JOSEPH A. ZIEGLER.

MISCELLANEOUS.
C. NOVACOVICH. H. J. BERRY.
BERRY & NOVACOVICH,
DEALERS IN
FANCY GROCERIES
Green and Dried Fruits, Vegetables, Hardware, Crockery, Wine, Liquors, Tobacco and Cigars.

ALL THE NOVELTIES IN FANCY
Groceries. No need to send away for goods. Cash trade solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

TRUCKEE
Livery and Feed Stable
RENO, NEVADA!

T. K. HYMERS, Proprietor

FIRST-CLASS TURNOUTS AND FINEST
Saddles, Harness, Carriage and other goods to transient stock. Boarders carefully looked after.

Protect Your Eyes.
H. HIRSCHBERG'S
IMPROVED DIAMOND SPECTACLES &
EYE GLASSES.
DATE JULY 1878.

Mr. H. HIRSCHBERG.
The well-known Optician of 107 North Fourth Street (under Planter's Hotel), St. Louis, has appointed S. J. Hodgkinson of Reno as agent for his celebrated Diamond Spectacles and Eyeglasses, and also for his Diamond Non-Changeable Spectacles and Eyeglasses. These Glasses are the greatest invention ever made in Spectacles. By a proper construction of the lens a person purchasing a pair of these Non-Changeable Glasses never has to change these Glasses from the eyes, and every pair purchased are guaranteed, so that they never leave the eyes, no matter how rusted or scratched the lenses are, they will remain the party with a new pair of Glasses free of charge.

S. J. Hodgkinson has a full assortment, and invites all who wish to satisfy themselves of the great superiority of these Glasses over any and all others now in use to call and examine the same. S. J. HODGKINSON, Sole Agent for Reno, Nevada. No Peddlers supplied.

Assessment Notice.

SOUTHSIDE IRRIGATING CANAL COMPANY.—Location of canal, Washoe County, Nevada. Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named company, held on the 2d day of November, 1888, its assessment (No. 2) of One Dollar (\$1) per share was levied on each and every share of the capital stock of the company, payable immediately in United States gold coin to John B. Williams, Secretary, at his office in the Court House, Reno, Nevada, on the 1st day of December, 1888, at 2 o'clock P. M. of that day, to pay such delinquent assessment, together with the costs and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees,
JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Secretary,
Reno, Nevada, November 2, 1888.

1st Day of December, 1888.
shall be deemed delinquent, and will be sold at public sale at public auction, and notices previously paid will be sold by the Secretary of said company at his office on Monday, the 1st day of December, 1888, at 2 o'clock P. M. of that day, to pay such delinquent assessment, together with the costs and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees,
JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Secretary,
Reno, Nevada, November 2, 1888.

Stockholders' Meeting.
SOUTHSIDE IRRIGATING CANAL COMPANY.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of said company will be held on
Saturday, December 1, 1888,
At the office of the Secretary, in the Court House in Reno, at 7 o'clock P. M., for the election of Trustees for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.
JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Secretary,
Reno, Nevada, November 2, 1888.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Select Knights A. O. U. W.
SELECT KNIGHTS A. O. U. W. Reno Le. No. 3 meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, 130 S. 3rd St., the first and third Saturdays of each month. **PHIL. G. ALGIER,** Commander. **W. H. HELMAN,** Recorder. 75c per month.

I. O. O. F.
RENO LODGE NO. 29, I. O. O. F., meets at their hall on Chestnut street, over the Congregational Church, Thursday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend. **R. V. BORDEN, N. G.** **J. E. PHILLIPS, Rec. Secretary.** 75c per month.

Reno Chapter No. 7, R. A. M.
THE STATED CONVOCATIONS OF RENO Chapter No. 7, R. A. M., are held at Masonic Hall on the evening of the first Thursday of each month, commencing at 7:30 o'clock. All accompanying companions in good standing are fraternally invited to attend. By order of the R. H. M. **E. L. CROCKETT, Secretary.**

MISCELLANEOUS.
F. KOLSTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
East Side Virginia Street

RENO, NEVADA.

Keeps a Full Line of Imported and Domestic Goods.

ALL OF THE LATEST AND MOST
fashionable styles and patterns in gentlemen's suits made at the shortest notice. Mr. Kolster's many years of experience in his business enables him to say to his patrons and the public that he is prepared to do

FIRST-CLASS WORK
In cutting, fitting and the manufacture of gentlemen's suits in a manner superior to any one in Nevada. The public and his patrons are invited to call and examine his new stock of goods and his new lot of patterns. 75c per suit.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL
RENO, NEVADA.
W. R. CHAMBERLAIN, Proprietor
(Formerly Lake House.)

I HAVE RENOVATED AND REMODELED
this beautifully situated hotel, on the banks of the Truckee river, and I am now prepared to furnish

FIRST-CLASS BOARD & ROOMS
Free Coach to and from all Trains
Extending a cordial invitation to all my friends and patrons, I am yours
W. R. CHAMBERLAIN.

AUCTION SALE!
A MOS CURRIER, THE FINE ART
a dealer of San Francisco, having shipped a lot of fine

Engravings and Paintings
To Virginia City, and being unable to find a suitable vacant store in which to sell them, was compelled to reship them and return to Reno, and being desirous of closing them out before returning to San Francisco offers them

THIS EVENING,
And Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Nov. 23, 24, 25, and 26, at Public Auction, in the store next to PALACE RESTAURANT, Commercial Row. Sale to commence at 7 P. M.
C. W. BOOTON, Auctioneer.

OREGON KIDNEY TEA
FOR URINARY & KIDNEY TROUBLES
DR. HENLEY'S DANDELION TONIC
AN ELEGANT
APPETIZER
CURES INDIGESTION.
DUTARD'S SPECIFIC
FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES
THE STARK MARIETTE

J. N. WALLACE,
Commercial Row,
Just below Virginia Street, Reno, Nev.,
DEALER IN
Choice Family Groceries
CAN GOODS OF ALL KINDS,
NUTS, CANDIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO, and in fact everything that goes to make up a general assortment. Nuts and Vegetables of the season. Orders promptly filled and delivered to any part of the town free of charge.

Reno Evening Gazette

WEATHER OBSERVATIONS.

Agricultural Experiment Station, for November 28, 1888.

	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.
Barometer	29.90	29.46	29.56
Temperature	40.9	44.5	31.3
Relative humidity	84.0	43.9	48.7

Agricultural Experiment Station, for November 27, 1888.

	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.
Barometer	29.90	29.60	29.50
Temperature	37.5	42.4	24.8
Relative humidity	73.5	56.3	68.4

Condition of the weather at the points named at 7 o'clock this morning.

Ogden—Clear and calm; 43 degrees above zero.
 Carlin—Clear and calm; 8 degrees above zero.
 Battle Mountain—Clear and calm; 14 degrees above zero.
 Winnemucca—Clear and calm; 10 degrees above zero.
 Humboldt—Clear and calm; 12 degrees above zero.
 Reno—Cloudy and calm; 24 degrees above zero. At 12 M., 38.5.

United States Signal Service predictions for the twenty-four hours beginning at 12 M. to-day: Fair weather; nearly stationary temperatures.
 W. McN. MILLER, Observer.

Wednesday, November 28, 1888

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

DEPOT HOTEL—H. L. Bancroft, T. S. Tro and wife, New York; H. Frank, J. E. Moody, W. B. Hunt, W. Morgan, San Francisco; J. A. Moore, Virginia City; D. H. Hall, H. Rives, M. G. Cavanaugh, W. J. Long, L. Larrigan, A. D. Rock, E. Bailey, N. Tull, A. Tull, W. W. Wren, Eureka, Nev.; H. L. Huston, T. J. Giffin, E. M. Marks, J. H. Whitely, Wadsworth; D. M. Wright, Stillwater; W. R. Miller, Reno; J. S. Gregory, San Francisco; J. R. Houry, Elko.

PALACE HOTEL—H. Ede, G. Yerington, W. Freeman, E. Blawett, Sierra Valley; T. Smith, J. N. Dancy, Eureka Mills; J. E. Humphrey, G. W. Dooly, O. Ferris, Long Valley; Mrs. D. M. Smith, Wadsworth; J. Moore and wife, Denver; P. B. Mills, J. Armstrong, G. Cohn, J. Hughes, San Francisco; B. F. Thorn, Anderson, Texas; T. Love, Battle Mountain; W. D. Hopkins, Carson; C. Harris, Truckee; W. Ross, Smoke Creek.

JOTTINGS.

Buy your firewood of J. F. Aitken, who has just what you want.
 Go to John Fraser's Virginia street market for your Thanksgiving roast.
 Nothing would be more appropriate for a holiday present than one of C. A. Thurston's books of poems.
 C. J. Brockins and his clerks are busy arranging the new goods recently purchased in San Francisco.
 Pacific Brewery and Sacramento beer at the Granite saloon, also a daily lunch between 11 A. M. and 1 P. M.
 To-morrow J. J. Becker will set out a fine roast turkey lunch which he wants all his friends to help consume.
 An extra fine dinner will be served at the Pioneer Hotel to-morrow—turkey, chicken and lots of other good things.
 Chickens, turkeys, cranberries, oranges and everything else for a Thanksgiving dinner at E. C. Leadbetter's.
 By a card in to-day's paper you will see that Coleman's barber shop will be closed to-morrow afternoon, so get around early for your midday shave.
 Embroidered Swiss aprons, Peerless sleeve protectors, all kinds of stamped goods, dress shields, bustles, hooks and eyes, pearl buttons, mending cotton and elastic at Miss Gibbs'.

The Haverly To-Night.
 Judging from newspaper criticisms and reports in general, Haverly's Original Minstrel show will be with us and eclipse anything recently seen in minstrelsy. All the cities in which this organization appeared since their return from England are enthusiastic in their praise of this company, and, judging from the list of people, they will come up to, and even exceed, all expectations. Special care has been taken by Mr. Haverly in arranging the programme to depart as such as possible from the monotonous rut into which minstrelsy seems to have fallen. Newness and novelty have been his motto in organizing this company. To appear to-night at McKissick's Opera House. Tickets and box-sheet at Naaby's Bazaar.

A New Dry Dock.
 The largest artificial basin for docking and repairing the hulls of ships in the United States is being completed at Newport News, Va. It is 600 feet long, 130 feet wide, with a depth of 25 feet over the sill at high tide. It is furnished with pumps that can empty it in two and a half hours.

Notice to the Public.
 The barber shops of Reno will close on Thanksgiving Day at 1 o'clock P. M. and remain closed the balance of the day. Patrons will govern themselves accordingly.

PERSONAL.

C. A. Harwood of Long Valley was in town to-day.
 Miss Ida Kline is reported quite ill with rheumatism.
 United States Marshal, James Moore, was in Reno last night.
 A. Blossom and family of Battle Mountain passed west last evening.

S. L. Jones, Superintendent of the Crown Point mine, went below last night.

Ex-Senator D. W. Perley is said to be a candidate for United States Marshal of Utah.

Hon. E. V. Spencer of Susanville returned this morning from below, on his way home.

Rev. Mr. Sisson of Mason Valley, who has been in town a day or two, returned home to-day.

Mrs. H. G. Parker came down from the State Capital last evening on the way to her Oakland home.

Alex. McCone, the Virginia City foundryman, returned from California on this morning's overland.

J. R. Henry of Elko, who is on his way to San Francisco with a carload of horses, was in Reno to-day.

Martin Sullivan, Superintendent of the Bronco and Rocky Run Ice Companies, was in town last evening.

Theodore Sutro, President of the Sutro tunnel, accompanied by his wife, returned to San Francisco last evening.

One carload of horses, shipped at Elko and consigned to Oakland, were unloaded here this morning and will be reshipped to-night.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker, who has been visiting the families of H. M. Yerington and D. A. Bender, her Carson relatives, returned to California on last evening's express.

Hon. Thomas Wren, Judge Rives, A. D. Rock, Bob Cavanaugh and several other Eureka men arrived here last evening on their way to Carson to attend the trial of the United States vs. Bailey, under arrest for preventing a man from making final settlement on a homestead.

Walter C. Wheedon, the Galloway Cattle dealer, left for Winnemucca this morning. He goes to Paradise Valley and he and E. W. Crutcher will move their thoroughbred herds and winter them over at St. Clair. They have some choice bulls yet at the Morrill ranch.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Young Man Killed by Falling from a Load of Hay.

The Eureka Sentinel of the 24th inst. says: Wednesday morning last Francisco Segarini met with an accident which proved fatal. He had been for some days engaged in hauling hay on Depaul's ranch, three miles north of town. He was hauling the last load when the accident occurred. It is not known just how it happened, but it seems that he fell from the load in such a way as to cause instant death. When found he was between the wheels of the wagon and his body badly bruised. He had been dragged about twenty feet. Life was entirely extinct when the young man was discovered only a short time later. Deceased was an exceptionally bright young man, and was universally esteemed by his fellow countrymen and all others who knew him. He had been in this country about a year. His father recently left here for Italy to bring out his wife, and they were to make this their home. The friends and relatives of the unfortunate young man have the sympathy of the community in his untimely taking off. The funeral took place yesterday, and was very largely attended.

School Reports.

Following is the report of the Glendale school for the months of October and November, M. E. Brown, teacher: Roll of honor (October)—Sarah Alf, Tillie Curnow, Ella DeWitt, Freda Frost, Patrick McCarran, Samuel Curnow, Thomas Curnow, Bert Curnow, John Bryant. For November—Sarah Alf, Ella DeWitt, Tillie Curnow, Bert Curnow, Samuel Curnow, Thomas Curnow, John Bryant.

Following is the report of the Hufaker school for the month ending November 23, 1888, Letty A. Howard, teacher: Total number enrolled, 50; average number attending, 40. Roll of honor—Daley Holcomb, Kate Holcomb, Dick Holcomb, George Holcomb, Lizzie Longley, Alfred Longley, Bettie Cooper, Arthur Cooper, Charles Cooper, Hattie Cooper, John Wright, Bessie Wright, Ed. Wright, Lulu Lyall, Maud Lyell, Willie Lyell, Lilla Culligan, Willie Culligan, George Culligan, Fasia Faretto, Angelina Avenisino, Willie Everett, John Faretto.

San Francisco Meat Market.
 Good beef is in demand at a trifling advance, the supply not being quite so liberal. Stocks of mutton are fair, with no change in prices, while veal and lamb both keep steady. Following are the rates for whole carcasses from slaughterers to dealers:

BEEF—First quality, 6½¢@7¢; second quality, 5½¢@6¢; third quality, 4½¢@5¢.
 VEAL—Quotable at 5¢@6¢ for large, and 7¢@8¢ for small.
 MUTTON—Quotable at 5¢@6¢ P. B.
 LAMB—Quotable at 7¢@8¢ P. B.
 PORK—Live hogs, on foot, grain fed, 6¢@6½¢; soft, 5½¢@6¢; dressed hogs, 8½¢@9¢ P. B.

A New Industry.
 A new Parisian industry is the manufacture of hoar-frost glass, which is covered with feathery patterns resembling those produced naturally upon window panes in cold weather. The glass is first given a ground surface, either by the sandblast or the ordinary method, and is then coated with soft varnish. The varnish contracts strongly in drying, taking with it the particles of glass to which it adheres, and this reproduces very accurately the branching crystals of frost work. A single coat gives a delicate effect, and several coats yield a bold design.

Horse Shipments to California.
 W. W. Nichols of Eureka, Nevada, rested a carload of horses here yesterday from his Eureka ranch, and went on with them to San Francisco this morning. Mr. Nichols makes frequent shipments of horses from his ranch, where he raises some of the finest draft horses in the State.

HAVE SOMETHING TO SELL.

A Diversity of Farm Products Indispensable to Success.
 The Farmer (Col.) Field and Farm says: We make this as a suggestion to all farmers who constantly complain of hard times and live in advance of the crops that are growing. There is beyond doubt an error in the system. A frugal farmer like a thrifty mechanic should live no faster than he earns. Now to do this and keep pace with the times, the farmer must have a diversity of crops—have something to sell in every month of the year. The wheat and the corn are harvested, but once in the year, and if they must buy all of the necessities of life until another year rolls about they must needs. There is no wheat, corn, or hay to sell, there should at least be butter, pork, and poultry.

Not a farm in Colorado should have less than a dozen or twenty varieties of crops. If one fails in the field or in the market another will not. A very hot season will blight the potato crop, while it will be just suited to the development of many beans and barley. A good crop of tobacco can be raised on land too thin for corn. Peas will fatten hogs and make two crops in the year. Oats will grow where it is too cold for alfalfa. Alfalfa will make the most money if the farmer will feed it to fattening sheep or to milch cows, and then sell the mutton, the milk, the butter and the cheese. Poultry will grow everywhere, and chickens will lay if they have feed.

DISCOUNT ON SILVER.

Which Costs One Company Over a Million Dollars in a Year.

To show how the discount on silver affects mining operations, the record of a single mining company for a single year may be taken. The Granite Mountain Co. of Montana received from the sales of their silver, during the past fiscal year, 94,488 cents per ounce. The difference between the average price for which they sold their product and the price at which the Government sells it to the people has been 34.8 cents per ounce, and on the 1,162,372 ounces produced and shipped by this one company, their compulsory contribution to nation and foreign monometallists has been \$1,100,000 for the fiscal year. The president of the company calls attention to this very forcibly in his annual report. The free coinage of silver would give silver producers 38 per cent. more than they now receive, and which now goes to swell the Treasury surplus. The Treasury of the United States pays for silver at the market value of bullion, say at the rate of 95 cents for a pure ounce, at which rate 37½¢ grains of silver in a standard dollar cost the Treasury about 78¢ cents, from which it will be seen that the Treasury makes, say 26½¢ cents on every dollar coined, or a profit of over 36 per cent. out of the people.

A Chat Social.

The young misses of Trinity Sunday School Guild are going to give a "chat" social on Friday evening at Armory Hall. This is something new, and will furnish lots of amusement to those who attend. Like selecting partners for a dance, each man will have the privilege of selecting his partner for the chat, only he must chat on the subjects assigned. Refreshments will be on hand and also fancy articles for sale. During the evening Mr. Boston will preside as auctioneer, and everything for sale will be disposed of. The admission is only ten cents, and if you do not want to spend more than this your life will not be worried out of you.

A Dual Wedding.

At 5 o'clock P. M. yesterday the M. E. Church was well filled with friends to witness the marriage ceremony of Alfred Nelson to Augusta Johnson, and of W. Patterson to Louise Johnson, which was performed by Rev. Mr. De LaMaty. The sisters looked exceedingly attractive in their dainty bridal costumes, while the lucky gentlemen plainly showed their happiness, and after receiving the congratulations of all present, left the church to prepare for their trip to San Francisco, for which city they departed on the evening train to spend their honeymoon. The presents were numerous and elegant.

How to Handle Sheep.

It is the opinion of Mr. Batchelder of Weld county, Colorado, a gentleman who has had much experience in handling and feeding sheep, that alfalfa hay fed to fattening sheep can be made to turn to the producer twelve dollars per ton. "Of course," says he, "the sheep must be sheltered if it is in the winter time, and be kept quiet and comfortable. A sheep is the easiest worried of any animal that lives. It will not gain a pound in an entire winter if kept scared."

Tuscarora Water Works.

The Tuscarora water works have been completed, and the town is now supplied with water brought in pipes from the mountains thirteen miles away. A reservoir, which holds 71,000 gallons has been built near the town, and as the sparkling liquid began to pour into it a salute of giant puffs was fired, whistles were blown, flags were hoisted, and the people made the welkin ring with cheers.

Grand Turkey Sale.

At the Wieland saloon to-night a fine lot of fat turkeys will be raffled at 25 cents a chance, commencing this evening at 9 o'clock. To-morrow, from 11 to 2, an extra fine free lunch—turkey and roast pig. The celebrated Wieland lager on draught.
 J. B. FRANCIS, Manager.

BREVITIES.

Local and General Intelligence.

Next week Judge Bigelow will hold Court in Churchill county.

Yesterday Messrs. Mapes and Crane bought McCannaghy's band of cattle.

There are about a thousand tons of hay yet for sale at the sink of the Carson.

There are said to be 350 tramps on the road between Mojave and Los Angeles.

Read the Thanksgiving stories on the first and fourth pages of to-day's GAZETTE.

Thanksgiving services at Trinity Church, by the Rev. Mr. Leonard Oct. 11 o'clock. Bishop Leonard will preach.

During the past five days the wholesale price of sugar in the San Francisco market has advanced 1½ cents.

The GAZETTE indorses the suggestion that Hon. H. H. Beek would make a most excellent Speaker of the Assembly.

Hastings' orchestra band went to Wadsworth to-day to play for the ball to be given this evening by the Republicans of that town.

A tie is reported in Lincoln county between E. H. Piers and O. A. Lee, candidates for the Assembly, and a recount has been ordered.

L. V. Telf of Cronberg, Plumas county, Cal., has bought Robert Smith's Long Valley sawmill, together with his logging teams, trucks, etc.

Mr. Borton has put in a pipe crossing across Sierra street opposite his dry goods store, for which he is deserving of the especial thanks of all pedestrians.

Hon. Eugene Howell of White Pine county, who is spending a few days in town, called at the GAZETTE office to-day. He will leave for California this evening.

Haverly's Minstrels arrived from Carson to-day noon, and shortly afterwards gave a street parade. They made a fine appearance and their music was excellent.

Mr. Enoch Morrill has purchased of Walter C. Wheedon the fine two-year-old Gallopaway bull, "Banker 3,838," bred by the Inter-State Galloway Cattle Company of Kansas City.

Mrs. Charles Legate of Virginia City, has gone to Woodland to attend her husband, who is seriously ill with dropsy. Charles has many friends in Nevada who are pulling hard for his recovery.

SMASH-UP AT THE BULLION.

A Heavy Fly-Wheel Goes to Pieces and wrecks the Works.

Last evening's Virginia Chronicle says: There was a smashup at the Bullion, hoisting works shortly after noon to-day. The fly-wheel of the hoist engine burst, and an ascending cage was run into the sheaves. A portion of the fly-wheel, weighing probably 300 pounds, was sent whirling through the roof of the hoisting works, and after ascending to a great height crashed through the roof of the Golding family residence, about 150 yards distant. Fortunately no person was in the room where the great mass of iron landed, tearing a hole through the floor in its course, and cutting off the roof rafters of the house as clean as if sawed.

Every arm in the large fly-wheel was broken, leaving nothing but the hub lying in the journals. The piece which was hurled skyward through the roof was the largest fragment of the broken wheel except the hub. Several logs were also broken in the spur wheel. When the fly-wheel burst the cage went crashing through the roof of the hoisting works, tearing away a section ten feet in length. Fortunately no one was injured by the accident. It will require about five days to get the hoist plant in order again. The cage in the mine were brought to the surface through the Chollar shaft.

ANCIENT CITIES.

Their Dimensions and Wealth.

Nineveh was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 miles around, with a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 87 feet thick and 350 high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was 100 years in building. The largest of the Pyramids is 481 feet high, and 683 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 380. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 250 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles long. The city was 28 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$500,000 and Nero carried away 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

A Well-to-do Vagrant.

The Superior Court has confirmed the sentence of Jack Patterson, who was convicted last March of vagrancy by a jury in Justice Stewart's Court at Fresno, Cal. Patterson is worth from \$7,500 to \$10,000, and it was claimed in his defense that as he had abundant means he could not be classed as a vagrant.

A Monster Sweet Potato.

The Board of Trade of Hanford, Tulare county, Cal., will send President-elect Harrison by express, a monster sweet potato, which measures 27½ inches long, is 18½ inches in circumference, weighs 17 pounds, and is as smooth and handsome as it is large and kingily in proportion.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

D. G. Cole and wife recently went from California and settled at Netarts, in Tillamook county, Or. On Monday, while felling a tree on his homestead claim, the butt of the tree swung backward, striking Mr. Cole and crushing his head to a jelly.

If your back aches or if you are suffering from inflammation of the kidneys, seminal weakness, brick dust deposit in the urine, or in fact any of the 150 or more complaints that do not waste any money on worthless remedies or plasters, but strike the seat of the disease at once by using the greatest of all known remedies, Oregon Kidney Tea. It is pleasant to take, is purely vegetable, and has never failed to give entire satisfaction. Sold by Wm. Fininger.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made, and that, too, by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her, and for several years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and was so much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night, and with one bottle had been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Latz." Thus writes W. C. Hambrook & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at Hodgkinson & Co.'s drug store.

The Road to Heaven.

"A map of the road to heaven, by a soul in purgatory," writes an author and literary critic, describing his ideal, and humorously confessing his failure to attain it. But if one knows the right path, he should follow it. Why, then, suffer in the purgatory of disease when the way of escape is plain in sight? As a remedy for scrofulous affections of the throat and lungs, including consumption in the formative stage of tubercles, catarrh, chronic bronchitis, tumors and morbid growths of all kinds, caused by impure blood, impoverished blood, Dr. King's Golden Medical Discovery has neither a rival nor a worthy competitor. Chronic nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Salt, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Hodgkinson & Co.'s drug store.

An Absolute Cure.

The Original Abietine Ointment is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of eczema. Ask for the Original Abietine Ointment. Sold by Osburn & Shoemaker at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

Ladies, do not ruin your complexion by the use of poisonous cosmetics and face powders. If your face is red or sunburned, if you are so unfortunate as to have pimples or blotches on the neck or face, Dutard's Specific will not cover them like a coat of paint, but will most effectually remove all blemishes from the skin and restore it to its natural youthful bloom. Sold by Wm. Fininger.

No woman can be contented and happy if her skin is covered with pimples and blotches. These disgusting eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is perfectly safe to take and is a thoroughly reliable blood purifier.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 2.—For several weeks my wife suffered severely with kidney troubles, with much nervous prostration, which seemed to defy all the usual remedies. I finally tried the Oregon Kidney Tea. The effect was an immediate improvement, and she has now entirely recovered her health.

Sold by Wm. Fininger.

Vitality and color are restored to weak and gray hair by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Through its cleansing and healing qualities it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases.

McKISSICK'S OPERA HOUSE.

JOHN PIPER, Lessee.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Wednesday Evening, November 28, '88

By all means wait for the Original

HAVERLY'S

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The Haverly-Cleveland Efforts Combined.

Society's Preference Everywhere.

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Scale of Prices:

Dress Circle.....\$1.25

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No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats

Box-sheet now open at Naaby's Bazaar.

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BY

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ON

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Committee of Arrangements.

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Virginia Street, Next to Postoffice, Reno, Nevada.

This season of the year the demand for heavy Dry Goods, such as Flannels, Blankets, Comforters, also Cloaks, Wraps and Jackets is generally large. In order to prepare for the cold weather nearly every family is investing in some of the above-mentioned articles. But where to buy them? We have made extra heavy purchases of fine

FLANNELS, BLANKETS, ETC,

FROM THE BEST MILLS, ALSO FINE

Cloaks, Wraps and Jackets

From leading manufacturers, and are now prepared to offer them at prices

THE BANK OF NEVADA,

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Capital Stock Fully Subscribed, - \$300,000

Will buy and sell exchange on San Francisco, New York, London and the principal Eastern and European cities.

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THE GAZETTE

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VIRGINIA STREET, RENO, NEVADA.
LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE IN THE STATE

Letter Heads, Invitations,
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Every Description of Book Work Done with Neat-
ness and Despatch.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Hall's VEGETABLE Hair Renewer.

Hall's Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its original color; makes the scalp white and clean; cures dandruff and humors; prevents the hair from falling out, and renders it soft and brilliant. The editor of the "Ocean Foam," Cape May, writes: "We speak knowingly, when we assert that Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the best of its kind. The article is an elegant and cleanly one, without which we think no toilet complete." Thos. D. Jones, Middle Granville, N. Y., writes: "I have used

The advance of time is heralded by bleached, thin, and falling hair. By the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, the hair may be restored to its original color, lustre, and vitality. Mr. N. Johnson, Fitchburg, Mass., writes: "My hair was weak, thin, and full of dandruff. Hall's Hair Renewer has removed the dandruff, and caused a vigorous growth of new hair." Abel H. Smith, Portsmouth, Va., writes: "My hair had nearly all fallen out, and that which was left was dry and dead. I used one bottle of Hall's Hair

Hall's Hair Renewer,

Renewer about ten years, with satisfactory results." E. G. Perkins, Oberlin, Ohio, writes: "I consider Hall's Hair Renewer the best hair preserver in use. I have used it for the past twenty years, and my hair is in as vigorous and healthy a condition as when I was 30 years of age. Not a sign of gray hair to be seen anywhere." Dwight L. Chamberlain, Oakland, California, writes: "My hair, which was nearly white, has been restored to its original color and luxuriance by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer."

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H., U. S. A.

Sold by all Druggists.

RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.

"You see just how we're fixed," said Deacon Obed Carey to Mrs. Elam Skinner. "Folks come a dreadful way to look at them hills," said the deacon, irreverently; and, after all, they ain't no great shakes. Give me a good madder lot, or a field where the yaller pumpkins is a-blowin' out among the shooen corn! That's my notion of beauty! Guess it would be a pretty long while afore anybody raises a crop o' rye out o' the Adirondacks."

And, after all, there was an inkling of common sense in the deacon's view of things.

Mrs. Elam Skinner lived in a brown farmhouse upon whose shingled roof the gold and scarlet maple-leaves rained down in rustling drifts of every south of the melancholy wind. There were not two such maple-trees along the whole shores of Champlain as those Mrs. Skinner's grandfather had planted in the Revolutionary war, when he never came home at night with his ax over his shoulder, whether he should find his home a heap of smoldering cinders, with the cry of the savage redskins where his hands were coming, or he should find the morning light. He was in his grave, dust and ashes long ago, but the maples renewed their youth with every year.

Mrs. Skinner herself, a wiry compact little woman, in a green gingham dress and winking spectacles, sat darning stockings by the blaze; for she was a thrifty dame, and while she begrudged the wasted moments of twilight, she had no idea of lighting a candle until it was fairly and squarely dark.

Obed Carey occupied the cushioned rocker opposite, tall and brown and loose-jointed, with here and there a silver thread in his dark hair, and hands whose veins had out like cords. A hard-working man, and a man who accepted his inheritance of toil with a sort of grim satisfaction, he would have afforded no inappropriate type of the New England farmer of the past generation, as he sat erect, thin and uncomplaining.

And while her elders talked, Ruth Skinner sat close against the chimney-jamb, a tin-pan full of apples in her lap, parsing diligently away, with the firelight glinting on her sunny brown hair.

Ruth was small and dimpled, and exquisitely fresh, like the rosy peach which hangs on the south wall after the first frosts, and she had violet-gray eyes, darkening into blue around the edge of the lashes, and dewy, scarlet lips, and a slender throat, circled with a string of white beads; and, as she worked, there was an unconscious grace in her motions that made you like to look at her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Elam Skinner, answering the deacon's remark, "I see. It was a dreadful unfortunate dispensation that Mrs. Carey should be took away."

"Four years ago this very month," said the deacon, meditatively, "four years ago. A household of boys is a tryin' thing, Mrs. Skinner."

"I should think it must be," said the widow.

"And it's a remarkable orderin', of Providence that I should have six boys and you six gals."

"Yes," said Mrs. Skinner, breaking off a needleful of gray yarn; "but at my gals, all done well. Malindy, she's married, and lives in Burlington, and Sophrony is teachin' school 'cross the lake, and Sarah's at the factory 'n Lowell, and Aletha's lived to Squire Hall's these ten years, and Kate's doin' well at the millinery business, and Ruth, she kind o' makes herself generally useful to hum. Ruth ain't like the others; she ain't good for much."

The deacon hitched his chair, with a grating noise, across the hearth, to get a better view at the little figure bending over the pan of apples.

"She's good to look pretty anyhow," he said, with a dubious attempt at a joke.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Skinner, whose respect for the merely ornamental was extremely limited.

"I s'pose Sarah and Sophrony's comin' home on Thanksgiving," hazarded Mr. Carey.

Mrs. Skinner nodded briefly.

"Wall, that's sort o' providential too," said the deacon, somewhat embarrassed. "Bein' you've got so many gals, mebbe you'd spare one?"

"We hasn't no women folks to our house since Hephiah Duckett stole the spoons, and went to Canada; and I set my foot down not to have no more hard help, and it was sort o' fortune jest Thanksgiving Day, and the boys, why, they missed the turkey, and so I kind o' thought if Miss Ruth wouldn't object to come over and generally have an eye to things, it would be a sight o' accommodation."

"I'm willin', if Ruth is," said Mrs. Skinner, composedly.

"We've got as fine a turkey as ever squeaked of went on the deacon's table, he fetched in a pumpkin of the side-hill lot, bigger'n a half-barrel, and I bought a peck o' cranberries from Hildy Simons, so there ain't no lack o' things to do with."

Ruth hung her head, and blushed like the pink-checked apple she had just taken up.

"I-I have no objection, if mother thinks it proper."

"Proper!" echoed Mrs. Skinner. "Why on airis shouldn't it be proper? Of course it's proper!"

"Wall," said the deacon, rising to his lanky fullness of height, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Ruth, and to you, too, marm."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mrs. Skinner, hospitably.

"I guess I'd better be goin'," decided Mrs. Carey. "There ain't no tellin' what mischief the boys may be gettin' into afore I get back. Boys will be boys, and they need a dreadful sight o' watchin'." There ain't nobody but a father knows what a father's trials is, Mrs. Skinner."

And the deacon went out with a groan.

The deacon don't seem to realize that his boys is men grown," said Mrs. Skinner, as she rose to light a candle. "Ain't you most through with them apples, Ruth?"

Aud Deacon Obed, plodding homeward through the deepening dusk, with the dead leaves rustling under his feet, and the raw air biting like the stings of a million infinitesimal gnats, thought of Ruth Skinner's rosy face, and wondered how it would seem to have her at the Carey farmhouse for a perpetual blooming of brightness!

"I ain't so very old, after all," thought Deacon Carey, "and there ain't no law against a man's marryin' again, as ever I heered on. But she's young and sleeky, and I must drive a kind o' bargain at it. Was a good idee, that o' mine, borrowin' her for Thanksgiving." Ruth, Ruth, is the prettiest gal! I couldn't think o' nothin' but the little strawberry apples on the gnarly tree by the well every time I looked at her cheeks. Besides, she is a savin' creature. I know, for I watched her parin' them apples, and she never wasted a grain, and she's worn that brown calico ever since last March."

And the deacon chuckled as these thrifty meditations passed through his brain.

It was Thanksgiving morning, chill and raw, with the snow of the Adirondacks raked in slowly-drifting snowflakes, and Lake Champlain shining up with steely glimmer where the bend of the valley revealed its far-away surface.

But the Carey homestead was all alive with warmth and cheerfulness and firelight. It was a huge, old-fashioned house, with great, smoke-browned rafters crossing and recrossing overhead, and curious wood-carvings half-way up the walls, and odd little three-cornered cupboards built, as if by malice pretense, in the most inconvenient places, and fireplaces that gave you the idea of the rooms being only afterthoughts and appendages.

Little Ruth Skinner stood at the kitchen-table, a white apron tied over the brown calico dress which had awakened Deacon Carey's admiration, and the sleeves rolled up above her round, white arms, stirring

an elegant compound of spices and sugar, as she stirred, while five or six "Carey boys" stood around surveying her, as five tall-barn-door fowls might stare at a tiny golden pheasant, or a Seabright bantam.

"Boys, boys!" croaked the deacon, snarling from his room, in the glories of a blue suit with brass buttons, and a pair of shirt-collars that held his chin up at an angle of forty-five degrees, "ye haven't no more manners than a pack of gypsies! Miss Ruth, don't mind 'em."

"Oh, I don't, I assure you, sir," said Ruth, laughing. "Lewis, please give me the iron spoon from the nail by the dresser."

"I wish you wouldn't call me sir," said the deacon, with what would have been a tender glance if the shirt-collars would have admitted it.

Ruth arched her pretty eyebrows.

"What shall I call you?"

"Call me Obed," said the deacon, with the deacon's lips, when he caught the ten eyes of his sons fixed wonderingly on him, and the words never found utterance. The deacon looked into the oven instead, and coughed sonorously.

"You won't go to church, Ruth?"

"Oh, I can't, sir—Mr. Carey, I mean. The turkey must be looked after, and it won't do to risk burning the pie."

"Well, boys," said the deacon, "come along."

"Can't I stay and help Ruth?" questioned Lewis, a young giant of nineteen.

"No, you can't," said the deacon, brusquely. "Pretty way o' spendin' the Governor's Thanksgiving!"

"Home round under Miss Ruth's feet. You'll go to church, every skin on ye, or my name ain't Obed Carey. No son o' mine stays home from church on such a day as this. Where's Joe?"

"He was out a-fodderin' the crotchets," suddenly answered John, the second son.

"Joseph! Joe!" bawled the deacon, but there was no answer.

"I guess he's gone to church," observed Jared, who was giving his cowhide boots a last tender application of candle-end in front of the fire.

"He needn't ha' been in such a hurry," grumblingly commented the deacon; "but he always had a way of his own o' doin' things."

"Where's my woolen comforter?" next demanded the deacon. "Hosea, go back in the big corner cupboard for it."

Hosea left off tormenting the cat to obey, but he presently lifted up his voice aloud: "Door's locked, father."

"No, ain't that a nigger," sharply responded father-familias. But he went to inspect the "cupboard" for himself, nevertheless.

"Well, if I ever!" cried the deacon. "Which o' you young mischiefs has got the key?"

"There was a shout of unanimous denial. The deacon looked round with lowering brows.

"If that 'ere key's lost—Ain't them the church-bells?"

And, postponing the judicial investigation until the religious services of the day should be over, the deacon caught up a stray muffler, twisted it round his neck, and went to bed.

And Ruth Skinner was left alone, only for a moment, though there was an ominous grating as of the wards of a rusty lock in the corner cupboard-door, and a smothered laugh, and the next instant Mr. Joseph Carey, a tall, handsome young fellow of three or four and twenty, burst out, like a magnified "Jack-in-the-box."

"Joe!" cried Ruth, turning scarlet.

"Don't!"

"Don't! You mean do," said Joe, unceremoniously taking Ruth round the waist and lifting her fairly off her feet. "Why, I thought I should have stifled among the old hats and boots."

"But, Joe, it's so wrong!"

"It would have been a deal wronger, little Miss Morality, to sit pretending to listen to Elder Longtenance when my heart was in the old kitchen at home with you. Now, see here, Ruth, I'm not going to stand this any longer. Give me the big iron spoon."

Joe tied a towel deftly round his slim, well-moulded waist, and commenced stirring vigorously at the saucepan he took from Ruth's hands.

"Isn't that right?"

"Yes," said Ruth, dubiously; "but you mustn't sputter no."

"Come, Ruth, you promised to give me an answer today."

Miss Skinner shook out the folds of a snowy mass of table drapery, and eyed it thoughtfully.

"Is this the best table-cloth?"

"Yes—no—I haven't an idea. Hang the table-cloth! I'm not talking about table-cloths, it is to be Yes or No, Ruth."

"Oh, Joe, we are both so young."

"Nonsense."

"I suppose these napkins are the right ones."

"Do you suppose I stood a mortal hour in that cupboard, with my nose against the buffalo robes, to decide the question of napkins with you? I will be answered!"

"I should say 'Yes,' if I were in your place."

"But, Joe—"

"Look here, Ruth," and Joe overturned the saucepan, and poured the contents, where it is. Would you rather be my wife, or my stepmother?"

"Joe!"

"As if you hadn't suspected it all along, you little demure kitten! Come, don't keep me in suspense!"

He put both his hands, with a sort of imperative tenderness, on her two wrists, looking with his full, brilliant eyes into her shrinking, rose-red, smiling face.

"Let me go, Joe, quick! The turkey is scorching—I smell it!"

"Not one step," was the firm reply.

"But it's burning!" cried Ruth, piteously.

"Not until you have decided my destiny. Yes or No?"

"Yes, then, yes, provoking fellow!"

And Ruth, highly resenting the kiss of passion which Mr. Joe stooped to possess himself of, ran to the oven.

"It's burned! I knew it would be!" she bawled.

"Not a bit of it," said Joe, critically surveying the royal bird over her shoulder. "It's just beautifully browned."

"No thanks to you!" said Ruth, petulantly shrugging her shoulders as she reclosed the oven, after basting and turning its contents in a most scientific manner. "Now, help me set out the table, for I'm getting dreadfully behindhand; and what will your father say when he comes home from church and finds dinner not ready?"

"I shall be ready," said Joe, solemnly.

"I tell you, Ruth, you don't know half the resources of my character as yet!"

"That was a proper good sermon," said Deacon Obed Carey, pulling down the brim of his fur cap to protect the extreme of his nose from the driving snow.

"Boys, walk along straight, and don't be loitering behind like a lot o' Sandwich Island heathens. Yes, an edifyin' discourse 'appes o' gold in pictures of silver. I do with Ruth and a-breed it."

"I hope the turkey'll be ready when we get home," said Hosea, smacking his lips.

"You needn't be afraid, Hossy," answered the sire, complacently. "Ruth Skinner understands her business as well as the next. She's a struttin' smart gal as ever I see, and economical too."

The Thanksgiving dinner was ready—a culinary triumph—as the church-goers came in, bringing a whiff of keen northern air with them, and a plentiful perdrer of snow on their broad shoulders. The turkey himself, brown, glistening and unctuous, lay in the centre of the board, with wings meekly folded and breast divided with aromatic stuffing, while ranged round him quivered pink and amber jellies, and crimson cranberry tartar blushed through their jacket-work of puff-paste, while mince-pies and pumpkin custards, and nutmeg puddings, sent up an odoriferous appeal to the senses.

"Ruth," said the deacon, mildly, as he looked at the turkey, and the chickens beyond it, "you're a good cook—a very good cook, my dear. I wish we could keep you here all year!"

Ruth colored, and looked at Joe.

Joe set the chairs round the table with very unnecessary emphasis.

When, toward twilight, Ruth put on her scarlet shawl and hood, protesting that "she must go home," the deacon rose up to escort her.

"Sit down, Joe," he said, waving his hand authoritatively. "Take your seat again, Jared. You're nothin' but boys. I'm the proper one to see Miss Skinner safe home!"

"I—I would rather go alone, sir!" faltered Ruth.

Est the deacon tucked her arm protectingly beneath the sleeve of his shaggy, but-ant-colored greatcoat, and they set forth together.

"Ruth, my dear," said the deacon, breaking a silence that was beginning to be embarrassing, after they had walked a little way beneath the creaking boughs of the snow-fringed hemlocks.

"Sir," stammered Ruth, softly.

"It seemed very pleasant to have you to our house to-day, among them rough cubs o' boys."

"Joe isn't a rough cub, please sir," said Ruth, plucking up a momentary spirit, and feeling herself color like pink cream-candy.

"Wall," said the deacon, somewhat surprised at this unexpected participation. "I dunno but Joe's the best of the lot; but that's neither here nor there. I was going to ask you how you would like to stay there for good and all."

"I don't understand you, sir," said Ruth, stopping short in the midst of the snow and darkness.

"To come there and live—to be my wife—Mrs. Carey the second!" exclaimed the deacon, beginning to feel uneasily warm about the regions of the nose and cheek-bones. "Don't you understand now, Ruth?"

"Oh, sir!" uttered Ruth, withdrawing her arm, and trembling all over, "I cannot!"

"Oh, yes, you can," said the deacon, benignly. "I know you're young and inexperienced, but I'm willin' to overlook all that, and—"

"But, sir," interrupted Ruth, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, "I've promised to marry Joe!"

And breaking away from her escort, Ruth ran away, through the blinding snow and sleet, toward the far-red light of the Skinner farmhouse.

Deacon Obed Carey walked silently back, chewing the end of his own meditations; and from that moment to this he has never once alluded to his matrimonial aspirations and their untimely blight. But the next Thanksgiving Day he ate his turkey at the hospitable board of son and daughter-in-law, with a little cherry-cheeked grandchild tied in a high-chair close to his elbow.

Thanksgiving, Then and Now.

Many of the States formerly regarded New England's Thanksgiving with feelings akin to those which move the stiff Highlander to snuff at "the little" government Sunday, that they call the Fast.

But time and the appropriateness of the custom have worked the day into general observance, so that now in almost all the States, the day is not only observed, but the preceding week bristles with preparations to honor the Nation's Harvest Home.

"Thanksgiving" originated in the pious sentiment that to the Lord of the Harvest were due the public thanksgiving of the harvesters. The Pilgrims of Plymouth began it. Prompted by their sympathy with the Jewish "Feast of Harvest," and by the fitness of things, they set apart a day, to which to rejoice together, "before the Lord" for the yield of "twenty acres of Indian corn" and "six acres of barley and peas."

In the spring of 1621, "when the leaves of the white oak were as big as the ear of a mouse"—that being the Indian season for planting—they "baked" the corn and sowed the barley and peas.

"Squanto," the friendly Indian who had been kidnapped by lawless Englishmen, showed them "how to set, fish, and tend" the corn.

So thoroughly did they manure the ground with herrings, that their old chronicler writes: "God be praised, we had a good increase of Indian corn, and our mercantile directors as to the season's worth gathering, for we feared they were too late sown."

It was one year after the Pilgrims had sighted from the deck of the Mayflower the sands of Cape Cod, "Obedience being gotten in," writes the chronicler, "the Governor [Bradford] sent four men—a fowling, that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors."

Thus began New England's Thanksgiving—a Harvest Home, celebrated when seven old hunters housed its founders.

Nine years after, the Puritans of the Massachusetts Colony observed their first Thanksgiving. It commemorated the arrival of the provision ship which saved the people from starvation.

Gov. Winthrop, seeing that the supply of food was likely to run short, had sent the ship Lyon to England for a load of provisions. Storms and contrary winds delayed the ship so long that the people of Boston were forced to live on clams, mussels, ground nuts and acorns.

They became discontented and murmured. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed. Winthrop had put his last bit of bread in the oven, and was distributing his last handful of meal to a poor man.

Suddenly some one saw a ship at the mouth of the harbor. The half-starved people flocked to the beach. The good ship Lyon dropped her anchor, and her cargo of provisions was distributed according to each man's necessities. The day of fasting was changed into a day of Thanksgiving.

The festival met the social wants of the poor and families. It became the annual but little time for merry-making, and they rejected Christmas because to them it was associated with superstitious notions and unseemly practices. But some festival was needed to interrupt the monotonous toil of the year and give expression to their social and pious feelings.

Thanksgiving struck its roots deeply in New England's soil, because it symbolized both the Godward and the manward side of the people's life. It expressed thankfulness to the Bountiful Giver; it extended hospitality and charity to man.

Associated with the ingathering of harvest and families, it became the annual of New England's social life: the crisis of its feasting; its day of "holy convocation."

Now, as when first set apart from the days of the year, it is both a domestic and a religious festival. It is the day that brings back children and children's children to the old home. Its point of attraction is the family, that vital unit and subtle nexus, whose spiritual gravitation moulds a year, preserves the man and guides a nation.

Thanksgiving compacts together these old homes, "New Jerusalem" are they scattered throughout the land. Beneath the family roof-tree pleasant memories are revived and old vows renewed. Children become sensitive to the family idea and glow with the home-s